

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER.

Edward of England Gets a Jolt—Republicans and the Constitution—Texas Strikes Hard—Crowding the Tax Dodgers.

[Special Washington Letter.]

It is really too bad about King Edward VII. He has been exploited for, in these many years as the ideal monarch and as the high muck-muck of diplomats. He has frequently made the tour of Europe, hugging and kissing his brother kings. He has been held up to our admiring gaze as the peacemaker paragon of the old world. But, alas and alack, there are still within his realm certain souls and bad mannered folks who do not worship his gracious majesty and who do not believe in his royal capers. Not long since one of these "unfortunate persons," as a certain pre-eminent functionary would term them, arose in his place in the house of commons and interpellated the ministry as to whether the king has not infringed the constitution by his political activities. Now, that appears simply awful to us who live in a country where the president intrudes into everything, but it is well to remember that in England the king is a mere figurehead, supposed to have no politics.

At Last the Constitution!

Doesn't it seem funny to hear a Republican invoking the constitution to help him out of a hole? It's more humorous than anything by Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, "Private" John Allen or any of the rest of that school, for from the day when Seward ruined himself as a presidential candidate by enunciating his doctrine of the higher law down to our day the constitution has been a thing for jeers and gibes and flouts by Republican bigwigs. Every Democrat that lifted up his voice in defense of the constitution has been made the butt of ridicule by Republican papers and orators. Nevertheless Senator Joseph Benson Forsaker of Ohio, finding himself worked in short harness by the Roosevelt crowd, has lifted up his voice in favor of the constitution. He is now trying to convert it to his own use in his fight for the Republican presidential nomination, and, strange to relate, he selected Memorial day on which to announce that the constitution is being put in jeopardy by his Republican foes. In his Memorial day speech the senator propounded these pertinent questions to his auditors and to the universe: "Has our form of government been changed? And, if so, when, how and by whom?" The average American is so busily occupied with his own affairs that he does not fully realize how many and how dangerous are the abuses of power." In the language of that illustrious Republican Warwick, E. H. Harriman, "Wow, wow!" The senator even intimated that the government is in imminent peril of being Mexicanized.

Very much depends on whose ox is gored. Accordingly Brother Forsaker is bitterly opposed to any president trying to select his successor. That is the unpardonable sin in his eyes just now. Wonder if he would take it so much to heart if Colonel Roosevelt were pushing him for the presidential nomination instead of that other eminent Buckeye statesman, Mr. Secretary of War William Howard Taft. On this head he feelingly remarks, "Any man whom the American people shall have placed in power may well trust them to name his successor, and if he should not they would find a way to impress upon him that they are sovereign and that he should be content to trust them as they have trusted him," which words are hereby cheerfully commended to the careful and prayerful consideration of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Just about the time that Senator Forsaker was preparing that speech, Editor William H. Brown, a Republican editor of Mandan, N. D., was writing this:

Why not call a special session of congress and amend the constitution to permit of an election for a president for life? He is the logical answer to the problem of our future. We believe we echo the real sentiments of our constituency, the greatest in numbers and the safest in political morality the country affords today—viz. the farmers of the United States. Roosevelt has been the president of all the people and ought to be continued in power for all the good producing years of his life.

Forsaker and Brown represent the extremes in the Republican party. Which represents the most Republicans remains to be seen.

Riding Slow.

While Senator Forsaker was throwing hot shot into the president Secretary Taft was addressing the great millers' convention at St. Louis and was in the happiest frame of mind, as may be inferred from this excerpt from his speech:

I feel somewhat uneasy when I have to respond after all the nice things that have been said about Governor Folk, former Governor Francis, General Hadley and myself, but as I am called upon first I will speak for all of us.

If they will attend the next banquet of the millers—and I am sure they will be invited—they will receive much a little better as I have received here tonight. It goes with the goods. And now, on behalf of these gentlemen, I will say that the time has come when the office seeks the man.

It reminds me of the story of the old man who, after the election of Governor Bradley of Kentucky, the first Republican to occupy the executive chair in that state for forty years, went to Frankfort. After putting up at the high class hotel, as his funds dwindled he sought cheaper quarters until he was finally reduced to

the free lunch counters and started to ride home on his old mule.

As he was riding along the road some one called to him and asked where he was going. He said he was going home. He explained that he had come to Frankfort, having learned that it was a time when the offices were seeking the man. He said if any offices were seeking the man to tell the office that Jim Robinson was riding home on his mule, and he was riding mighty slow.

Now I say that for all our distinguished guests.

Those of us who have no political ambitions regard dollar wheat with favor. [Mr. Taft was interrupted here by tumultuous applause.] But I want to say that the occupation of a miller is a highly honorable one. I stand before a child that has more independence than any other in the world, one that is free from trust influence. Therefore it is a pleasure for me to be here.

There was a time when those who lived on rice exceeded those who subsisted on flour, but today it is about equal, or perhaps flour is a little in the majority. As a result you may be said to be the advance agents of civilization, for wherever flour is used civilization is on the increase.

Hard Hit.

Texas is a magnificent and mammoth commonwealth, which never does anything by halves. With her it is whole hog or none. First and last she has essayed many difficult stunts. Perhaps the most difficult is to curb the trusts. She has gone at that in dead earnest. The other day one of her courts fined the Waters-Pierce oil trust \$1,623,900 and issued an order of ouster, which is coming it rather strong as a starter. A few more such doses and the trusts will give Texas a wide berth. Of course the case will be appealed, but nevertheless and notwithstanding, it's first blood for Texas in her fight against the whole tribe of octopi, and first blood counts for nearly as much in a lawsuit as in a prize fight. My observation and experience are that it is much more pleasant and profitable to gain a case in a nisi prius court than to lose it. So up to this writing Texas is ahead—way ahead—in her antitrust crusade. In this connection it may be not in appropos to jog the public memory with the fact that Texas has the best and most sensible railroad rate regulating law of all the states of the Union, one result of which is that her cities are all growing at something approximating a uniform rate. It goes without saying that the fight to regulate or destroy the trusts is a stupendous one, but the American people can accomplish anything on which they set their heads for the public good, and the signs of the times indicate that they have made up their minds to get rid of the trusts. Congress is trying it, the state legislatures are busy at it, and the united forces of state and nation will succeed.

After Tax Dodgers.

Tax dodgers, like the poor, we have with us always. It will be remembered that when the income tax feature of the Wilson tariff bill was discussed in the house of representatives a distinguished New York orator fought it on the strange ground that it would compel the pleasure of cotton to commit perjury. That is, they would risk their immortal souls rather than lose the almighty dollar, which was a sad commentary on what Marce Henry Watterson lectures about with so much eloquence to wit, "Manners and Morals." Perhaps it was an over-weening desire to save the souls of the pleasureats aforesaid by taking from them the necessity of committing perjury which induced the supreme court of the United States to declare the income tax unconstitutional by that 5 to 4 decision which is an indelible blot on that great tribunal, though it was not so stated in the opinion. That would have been a better reason than any which the court gave for upsetting and reversing the decision of a century. Various legislatures have endeavored to reach and punish tax dodgers and to get the taxes out of them, with varying degrees of success. Hon. Joseph Hill Hall of Bibb county, Ga., proposes to introduce into the legislature a most drastic measure—heretic treatment, as the doctors would say—as to tax dodgers. Among other things, he proposes to disfranchise them. The rest of the country will watch the operation of Dr. Hall's prescription with profound interest. If it effects a cure in Georgia, it is likely to be universally adopted, thereby making Hon. Joseph Hill Hall immortal.

"The Land of the Tomorrow."

Under the above title there appears in the June Munsey's an elaborate article by Hon. John Barrett, which is one of the most sensible and instructive written in the last decade. It's a pity that every American citizen cannot read it and commit it to memory. "The Land of the Tomorrow" of which Mr. Barrett discourses is South America, a subject which should appeal forcibly to everybody in this country, for if we act with any sort of wisdom the bulk of our commerce will be with Central and South America in the days that are to come. Indeed, if we had acted with half sense South America would be our best customer now. Mr. Barrett points out with great clearness and particularity our opportunities in that quarter of the globe. By so doing he has rendered a great public service. I take off my hat to him. Mr. Barrett and myself have not always agreed on public questions. Quite the contrary. I am not at all certain that he and I would agree on the means and means-

nures by which we may avail ourselves of this vast Central and South American market which lies at our very doors, but as we agree on the vital importance of cultivating that market to the utmost we might possibly get together on the means of seizing it. At any rate, Mr. Barrett has earned the salary of his present position for a century by writing that article.

Tennessee Political Pot Already Boiling.

There is an old saying that the "early bird catches the worm." The Tennessee Democrats appear to have taken that ancient proverb as the rule and guide for their faith and practice, at least as to the governorship. Hon. Malcolm R. Patterson, ex-representative in congress, has scarcely warmed the gubernatorial chair to a pleasurable degree before certain of his constituents are casting about for his successor, though the precedents in the grand old volunteer state are in favor of two terms of two years each for a chief magistrate. The election does not take place for considerably more than a year, but certain Tennesseeans are whooping it up for Hon. Edward Ward Carmack, ex-representative and ex-senator in congress, for the gubernatorial office. Carmack went out of the senate on the 4th of last March in a blaze of glory by reason of the fact that he talked the ship subsidy bill to death. He has not signified his intentions in the matter, but not long since there was a meeting of Hamilton county Democrats at Chattanooga, at which speeches were made and the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, providing a democratic form of government by a democratic Democrat for our state, we, here assembled, earnestly petition the Hon. Edward W. Carmack to permit his friends throughout the state to place him in the gubernatorial chair of Tennessee. Believing we voice the sentiment of fully seven-eighths of the Democracy of Hamilton county, we pledge not only the enthusiastic support by local Democrats, but can safely assure Mr. Carmack that the state entire from Shelby to Sullivan, wherever Democrats reside who admire energy, ability and fidelity to Democratic principles, is of one mind in the plan and purpose. It is expressed in the Democratic din that now reverberates through the state, echoing over hill and through valley, declaring for—"Carmack, Carmack, commander great; We need your leadership now."

Regrettable.

There is universal regret in the south, as there certainly will be everywhere throughout the land, that Patrick Calhoun, a lineal descendant of both Patrick Henry and John Caldwell Calhoun, is mixed up in the bribe giving cases in San Francisco, and the prayer of all good people is that, though he has been indicted along with Abe Ruef, Mayor Schmitz and others, his innocence may be made to clearly appear, for two purer statesmen never lived than Patrick Henry and John C. Calhoun. While they can in no way be held responsible for the doings of Patrick Calhoun, it would be delightful to know that their virtues survive in him. His guilt would be a sweet morsel for the adde pated pessimists who are forever exploiting the degeneracy of our times.

A Suggestion.

King Solomon said, "There is nothing new under the sun," but nevertheless and notwithstanding Hon. G. Gunby Jordan, president of the Eagle and Phoenix mills and also of the Third National Bank of Columbus, Ga., has injected into the political thought of the country a brand new suggestion. It is that a new cabinet officer be created, and the incumbent thereof be to be known as secretary of transportation. Mr. Jordan argues that such an official is needed to unify and systematize the transportation interests of the country, which he thinks the interstate commerce commission is not able to do. Without either endorsing or rejecting his proposition, I believe it worthy of profound consideration. It will certainly provoke much discussion.

The Illinois Senatorship.

The entrance of ex-Senator William E. Mason into the senatorial race in Illinois against Senator A. J. Hopkins will add to the gayety of nations if it accomplishes nothing else, for Senator Mason is, like Old King Cole, a jolly old soul.

Nothing has happened to show how President Roosevelt interferes in Republican politics more thoroughly than the happiness expressed by Senator Mason when he had obtained from Colonel Roosevelt a promise not to take a hand in the Illinois senatorial fight. Mason declares that if the president doesn't butt in he will carry two-thirds of the counties in the state or he will quit the race.

If the departed spirits of the mighty dead take any interest in mundane affairs, General John B. Gordon's spirit must be in a delightful state just now. The unveiling of his equestrian statue in Atlanta set all the editors, orators, essayists and poets in Dixie to paying tributes of love and admiration to his memory. In this they were joined by their brethren in the north, for Gordon is universally considered a modern Bayard.

The latest Democrat to be favorably and extensively mentioned in connection with the next Democratic presidential nomination is Governor Edwin Warfield of Maryland, "My Maryland," Governor Warfield is a splendid gentleman and Democrat, handsome as Apollo Belvedere, in the flower of his years and honest as the day is long. He would grace the White House and do honor to the office.

Champ Clark

MRS. BOWSER AGREES

But Butcher Knocks Out Head of Household With Figures.

SCHEME TO MAKE MILLIONS.

Cost of Undertaking, However, Had Been Entirely Overlooked by the Promoter—Gets Into a Scrap With a Young Man.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.] When Mr. Bowser came home with a proud look in his eyes and a smile of triumph on his face the other evening, Mrs. Bowser at once suspected that he had hit upon a new scheme of some sort and was certain of making a billion dollars in the next ninety days. During the dinner hour he threw out hints of trips to Europe, the establishment of a national bank, the hiring of trustworthy persons to clip off coupons every six months and various other good things, but she made no inquiries.



"A STRAIGHT BILLION DOLLARS!" and uttered no words of sarcasm. She just made up her mind not to oppose him, no matter how wild and impractical his scheme.

They had left the dinner table fifteen minutes before Mr. Bowser reached that point where he either had to talk or burst, and he began by asking:

"I suppose you wouldn't object to going to Europe next fall on our own steamer, would you?"

"Well, hardly," she smilingly answered.

"Then you can begin to prepare for it. Do you think we can hunt up fifty or a hundred of our relatives to go along and help us to spend \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000 in Paris and London?"

"Possibly."

His Time Had Come.

"A hundred different times, Mrs. Bowser, I have told you that I should die a billionaire. You have always laughed at me, but the time has come when you can grin over it no longer. You have been inclined to regard me as visionary, but I think I can put such facts and figures before you in this occasion that you can't call up a single argument against them. A billion dollars—a straight billion dollars!"

Mrs. Bowser smiled inwardly, while the cat came out from under the piano and looked at Mr. Bowser with more respect than he had ever felt in all his life before. If Mr. Bowser was going for a billion dollars, he was going for quail on toast at every meal.

"I may have been a little off in my figures about chicken farms, dairies and raising apparatus, but there is no mistake here. It's a billion dollars as straight as a string. It isn't in my pocket tonight, but it will be within a month. You might go down tomorrow and look around and see what you can find in diamonds to please you."

"Thanks, dear," replied Mrs. Bowser, while the cat looked around in a puzzled way to see if he was in the right house.

"You don't ask me any questions. Haven't you any curiosity as to how I'm going to make our eternal fortune?"

"I am waiting for you to tell me. I have the utmost confidence that you have struck something good and are able to see it through."

Made Him Feel Good.

"That's the way to talk. That's the way you have never talked before. You have always sneered and picked flaws. By George, it makes me feel good to know that you have confidence in me. It's for me to tell you, of course. In a way you are as much interested as I am. If you had any lady to go with you I'd suggest a trip to the country and a look at some of the manor houses tomorrow. You don't know anything about steam yachts, of course, but you might watch for advertisements in the papers. We want a manor house and a town house, too, you know."

"But you haven't told me of your scheme," said Mrs. Bowser.

"It can be told in a few words, and the only wonder is that some one did not get on to it years ago. Simple as A B C, and yet there's a billion dollars in it for me. Mrs. Bowser, you have heard of pneumatic tubes, of course?"

"Yes. They send mail through them for short distances."

"Exactly. The packages of mail travel at the rate of about three miles a minute. What is the matter with sending passengers and freight the same way? All you have to do is to enlarge the tubes and increase the air pressure. See? If mail can be sent two miles, why can't passengers and freight be sent 2,000?"

"Yes, why not?"

"The tubes are underground, of course. Passengers descend in elevators, step into cages furnished in the most elegant manner, and at a signal they are sent flying at the rate of 500 miles an hour. They feel no motion. They play poker or read their papers or magazines, and the first they know they are across the continent. The carrier pigeon isn't in it. The thunderbolt has got to hump itself to keep ahead. Two hours from New York to Chicago! Can you find any fault with that?"

"Not a bit," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"We charge the same as the railroads, but reduce the time more than one-half. Five hundred million passengers carried every year, and accidents utterly impossible. We take away every pound of freight from the railroads. Receipts amount to billions and billions of dollars. Any fault to find with that?"

"None at all. Whose idea is it?"

Mr. Bowser drew himself up and slowly lifted his hand and pointed a finger at his forehead and whispered:

"Mine—all mine! It suddenly came to me two or three days ago when I was eating luncheon, and the vastness of it took me like a blow in the solar plexus. I can hardly grasp it yet, but I realize that the pyramids of Egypt are not in it. Columbus was not in it when he discovered America. It's my idea—it's Bowser's idea—the same Bowser you have sneered at. Am I a fool, Mrs. Bowser, or have I got a brain or two in my head?"

"But you haven't paid out any money yet?" she asked.

"Only a trifle. I have paid a draftsman \$50 to draw me a section of the tubes to be used."

"Fifty dollars against a billion! Ha! Ha! Well, where do your arguments come in? Got any facts and figures to prove that I ought to be in an idiot asylum?"

"No. You seem to have struck it at last."

"Then I'll run over and state the case to the butcher. He has always intimated that I hadn't brains enough to take care of a fifty cent piece. I want him to gaze at Billion Dollar Bowser for a minute. By George, Mrs. Bowser—"

But he was too excited to finish, and Mrs. Bowser did not seek to detain him. On the contrary, she was glad he was going to the butcher, even though she knew what would happen when he returned.

Mr. Bowser reached his family butcher shop treading on air. The butcher was having an easy time of it as he waited for customers and begrudgingly cut out and threw aside a few bones. He heard the story from beginning to end without comment and then looked up and dryly asked:

"Mr. Bowser, how many million dollars have you got on hand?"

"Why, what has that got to do with it?"

Where Was the Money to Come From?

"Who is going to pay for the tubes, the land, the cars, the stations, the machinery?"

"Why—why?"

"You can figure on at least half a million dollars per mile, and it will take cold cash. If you have got \$400,000,000 handy, you can start your line to Chicago. If you haven't, you'd better go home and play Mrs. Bowser a few games of euchre and then seek your head and go to bed."

"This to me, sir—this to me!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he turned whiter than the dead.

"Yes, you might come off the perch. 'Sir, you are an infamous scoundrel, and I can lick you in two minutes!'"

Then Mr. Bowser left the shop to walk up and down the streets. He scented the budding foliage; he heard the beetles whiz by his ears; the notes of some night bird came plaintively to his soul, but he heeded not these things. He knew that Mrs. Bowser had played it low down on him, and he wanted to fall on her like a brick house and crush her all at once. Then along came a young man who had an appointment to meet some one's hired girl at the gate. He was whistling and feeling at peace with all the world when there was a war whoop in his ear, somebody grabbed him, and then a woman looking out of the window saw two human figures locked in a deadly struggle. One of them was Billion Dollar Bowser. He wanted gone.

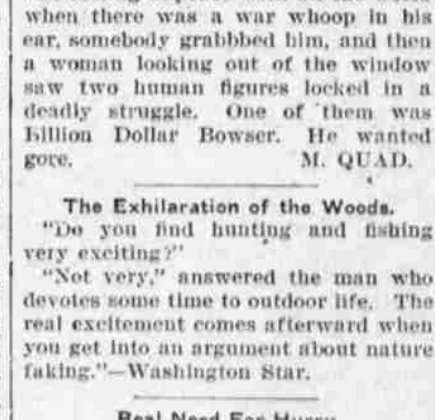
M. QUAD.

The Exhilaration of the Woods.

"Do you find hunting and fishing very exciting?"

"Not very," answered the man who devotes some time to outdoor life. The real excitement comes afterward when you get into an argument about nature taking."—Washington Star.

Real Need For Hurry.



The Gentleman with the Bonnet Box—Don't stop me, old chap! Don't stop me! I've got a new hat for my wife in here, and if I'm not quick I'll be out of fashion before she's worn it! Drawn by H. M. Bateman in Sketch.

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